

The Hood



THE UNIVERSITY STORE

—ON CAMPUS—

Where Every one Meets



University of Massachusetts

(Amherst, Mass.)

Office of the President

AN ANNOUNCEMENT OF INTEREST TO ALL UNDERGRADUATES:

The staff and faculty of the University of Massachusetts in the Town of Amherst have asked us to make the following announcement. Effective May 21, 1957, the University of Massachusetts will close its gates. What was at first thought to be a significant and hopeful experiment in higher education has failed to meet expectations. President Mather expresses his regrets and hopes that there will be no hard feelings in any quarter. He offers his best wishes to all members of the student body and staff, and feels assured that they will meet with success and happiness in whatever other fields of endeavor they may choose to enter.

The date for vacating of dormitory rooms will be May 18. Students are advised to gather together all belongings they may wish to take with them well in advance of this date. There will be a general auction of University mementos: blackboard erasers, library volumes, teaching stands, physics slot machines, and gym baskets on June 15, at 7:30 p.m. on the steps of Goodell Library. Proceeds will go towards establishing a pension for the Board of Trustees. The grounds will go on sale starting the first day in July.

On May 19, at 3:30 p.m. there will be a "Goodbye Massachusetts" songfest and rally at Bowker Auditorium. Lectures will be given on the history of the college and the ceremony will be followed by an official razing of the Student Union, Dean Hopkins presiding.

The staff also wishes to announce that any pre-paid tuitions will be refunded by mail as soon as it is financially feasible. Your patience and compliance in this matter is respectfully requested.

A full financial report of the "Massachusetts Project" will be published on August 3, 1957. Discounts will be given on the retail price of this volume upon presentation of the Bursar's Receipt.

The last singing of "When Twilight Shadows Deepen" will take place by the campus pond at 5:30 p.m., May 20. President Mather will then emerge from the Administration Building waving the University Banner and give the final order for sealing the roads leading to Amherst. Students and faculty will then depart via Stockbridge manure spreaders to their respective homes.

The staff and faculty of the University of Massachusetts in the Town of Amherst thank you for your kind attention to this announcement.

"It's The DRAKE For Us!"



Massachusetts

YA-HOO



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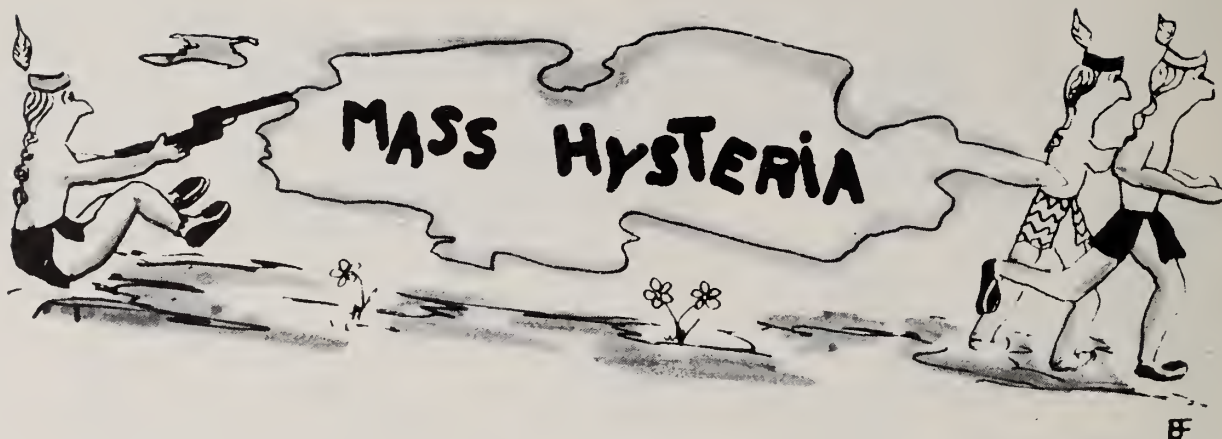
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Ya-Hoo is the official undergraduate humor magazine of the University of Massachusetts, published three times in the academic year 1956-57 by students of the University of Massachusetts. Subscription price is 50 cents a year, 60 cents if mailed outside Amherst, Massachusetts. Subscriptions may be obtained by writing to Ya-Hoo, University of Massachusetts, Amherst, Massachusetts. Entered as third class matter at the Post Office in Amherst.



AUDIBLE AUDETTE

Well gang, here we go again! This time we have a little bedtime story you can tell your Grandchildren some cold December night. It is most effective when read in a home-spun style (size 36) while you and the kiddies are quaffing a few brews. If the story has no effect on them... just keep quaffing brews.

Once upon a time, long, long ago, there were 469 little bears. There was mama bear, and there was papa bear, and there was baby bear, and there was Jack and Billy and Bettie and Uncle Jim and Teenie, Jean and Harriet and all the boys down at the fire station and there was Happy Hank the Iceman and the 325th Field Artillery Band and Billy the Boy Artist and Marilyn Monroe and Dean Hopkins and Marilyn Monroe and did you hear the one about the native who got a new Boomerang and killed himself trying to throw the old one away?

Then there was Henry Harper and Susan and Victor Mature and his brother Horse Mature and Sears and Roebuck and Charlie McCarthy and Passion Miller and the Michigan State defensive platoon and Happy Hank the Iceman and Margo Lane and Lamont Cranston and Jim Corbette "Space Cadet" and now on a Decca discing we have Bing Crosby singing "White Christmas."

And then there was Lana Turner and her sister Stomach Turner and Sir Lancelot and Sir Galahad and Sir Cumference and Speed Limit 40 MPH and

Big Willie and Middle Willie and Wee Willie and Wee Wee Willie (you do and you'll clean it up) and there was percival and "Lucky Pierre" and Rodney and Trygve Lie and Happy Hank the Iceman and then there was the kid I knew back in the 6th grade who had poor hearing, bad teeth, falling hair, and poor posture... but he more than made up for those faults with his eyesight... Boy! could that kid see... far... real far... he was a cracker jack at playing "Relievo"... he could even see around corners!

And then there was Buster Brown and Howard Hammond and the Mystic River Bridge and Dancer and Prancer and Donder and Blitzen and Peck and Peck and Simple Simon and one other L. A. Major I can't think of right now and there was Ivan and Olga and Boris and Happy Hank the Iceman. Why was Hank Happy?

1. Because he passed his F-N Test?
2. Because he got a 53 on an Ec. exam?
3. Because he was an Iceman?
4. Because he liked being an Iceman?
5. Gee, I wish I was an Iceman.

And then there was Helen Trent and the story that asks the burning and poignant question... "Can a lovely girl of 24 find happiness and work in far off and exotic Scollay Square?" and there was Little Eva and the 5 Peppers and how they grew and there was Lucy Belle and Mary Belle and Lulla Belle and big belle

and small bell, heavy bells, light bells, round bells, square bells, bright bells! dull bells! tall bells!! SHORT BELLS! THICK BELLS! THIN BELLS!! BELLS! BELLS! BELLS! BELLS!

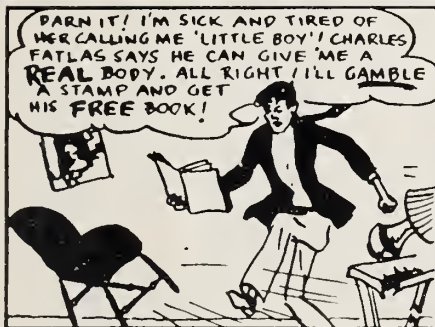
(They say it does you good to get something like that out of your system... I feel better now... refreshed! I feel like doing something big... something clean! I think I'll wash an elephant.)

Don Audette

An old gentleman riding the top of a Fifth Avenue bus noticed that every few minutes the conductor would come from the back and dangle a piece of string down before the driver underneath. Whereupon the driver would utter profanity terrible to hear. Finally the old gentleman could stand it no longer so he asked the conductor why he dangled the string and why the driver swore.

"Oh," the conductor added naively, "his father is being hung tomorrow and I'm just kidding him a little."

The Insult "CHUMP" Into a CHIMP



Give Me Your Wretched Body for Only 15 Minutes a Day!

If YOU, like Joe, have a body that others can "push around"—if you're ashamed to strip for sports, swimming, or anything—then give me just 15 minutes a day. I'll PROVE you can have body jam-packed with ligaments, bones, tendons, and veins flowing with RED BLOOD! What's more, your friends will know you're alive! "DYNAMIC STENCHIN"—that's my secret. That's how I changed myself from a spindle-shanked, scrawny weakling to the winner of the title, "World's Most Perfectly Undeveloped Man."

"Dynamic Stenchin'" Does It!

You'll really be strong! Practicing "Dynamic Stenchin'" only 15 minutes a day, in the privacy of your own room, you quickly begin to fill out your armpits, grow superfluous hair, add to your abdominal measurements, increase the size of your os innominatum. You get sledgehammer fists, a battering-ram head, bulldozer ears, a vice-like handshake . . . and ridges of slobby flab that almost split your coat seams. You're a NEW MAN!

You Get Results Fast!

Thousands of fellows have used my amazing method of "Dynamic Stenchin'." Listen to what a few Fatlas Champions have to say about my marvelous system.

" . . . I knocked down three small girls with one punch!"
—Warren G. Wonka

" . . . I now take my grandmother two out of three in Indian Leg Wrestle . . ."
—R. O. Glockenschpiel

"I am now able to wrench off cupboard doors, small bathroom fixtures, kick in radio cabinets, bookcases, and coffee tables with one hand behind my back. . . ."
—J. Flurnge Raswell

" . . . For once I'm not ashamed to take my clothes off at social functions, parties, or anywhere."
—Boris Cosmo Persh, Jr.

—And hundreds of comments and snapshots from other Fatlas Champions in my FREE BOOK. Don't delay! Write me personally: Charles Fatlas, 3rd Nickle Stall on Right, Men's Room, Y.M.C.A., East Milpitas, N.Y.



Charles Fatlas

Actual retouched photo of the man who holds the title, "The World's Most Perfectly Undeveloped Man."

CHARLES FATLAS

Y. M. C. A., East Milpitas, N.Y.

I want proof that "Dynamic Stenchin'" will make me a new man. Please ship me a big muscular development immediately. Also send me your free book, "Happy Married Life."

Name Age

Address


Check here if male or female ☐

Stan Norton
STANFORD CHAPARRAL



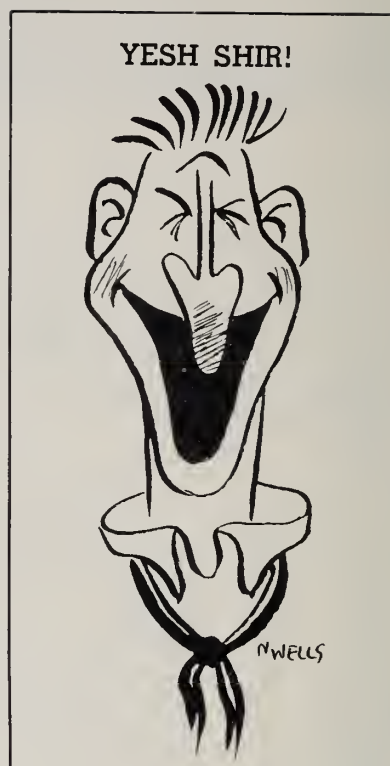
YOU SEE THEM
EVERYWHERE
BROWN'S
Curtain Shop

A LITTLE BEHIND
ON THE BOOKS?

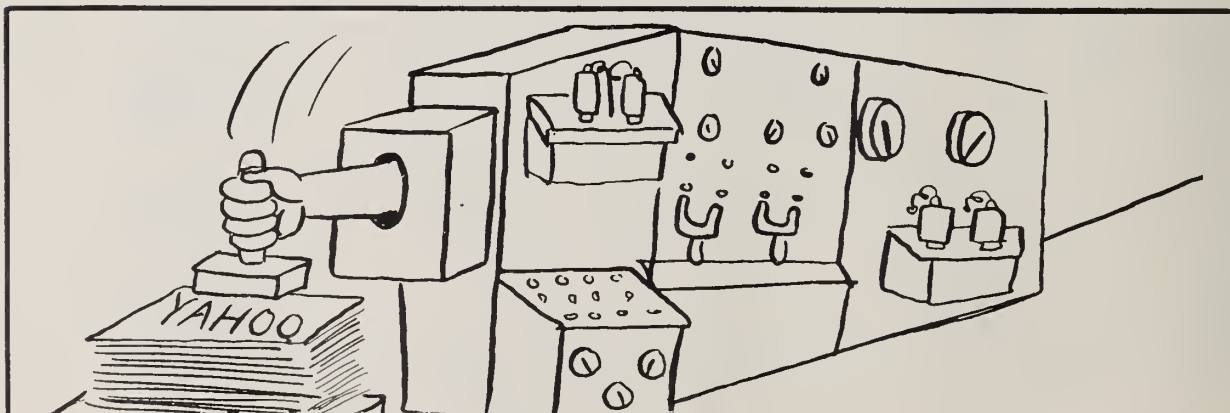


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C & C



HAMILTON I. NEWELL, Inc.
Complete Printing Service

A New York Coffee Company sent a shipment to Hamburg, Germany. While en route, rats ate holes in the coffee bags, nested therein, and damaged the shipment. However, the shipping concern sewed up the bags and sent them on to their destination. In a week or two, the New York Company received the following letter:

138 Wilhelm Strasse
Hamburg, Germany
American Zone

Yancors Coffee Company
473 West 123rd Street
New York, New York
United States of America

Schentlemens:

Der last tu peckechages uf koffee ve got from you vos mitt ratt schid gemixt. Der koffee may be gutt enuff, but der ratt schid schboiles der trade ve gott.

Ve did not see der ratt schid in der sambles vitch you sent before to us und it is taken tu much time to pick der ratt schid from der koffee out.

Ve order from you der kleen koffee, and you shipt schid gemixt mit koffee. Idt vus a mushtake? Ya? No?

From now on ve like you to shipt us der koffee in vun sack, und der schid in der odder sack, und ve gemix to suit der kustomer.

Von't you write, please, if ve shudd shipt bak der schid und keep der koffee, or keep der schid und sent bak der koffee, or do you vant ve shudd shipt bak der hole crappen vorks?

Ve vant to do vat is right, but ve don't mind tellink you dot ve don't like dis hole ratten business!

Mit much respects

(s) Hans Brudder

AFROTC FINAL EXAMINATION
SECTION IV

This is an *intelligence* test. It is designed primarily to test your reasoning and comprehensive ability. Read the instructions fully before beginning the examination.

Instructions: Answer all questions as indicated using only the electrographic pencil given you. In filling out the information section print plainly and use no abbreviations.

Name Address State College Location Age
Male Female Danish

Part I

"REASONING"

Answer by circling the appropriate number. Example:

Chicago is a

1. Mountain
2. City
3. Walnut

Of course everybody knows that Chicago is a type of Walnut so put a circle around number 3.



Question #1 This is

1. Part of a circle
2. Part of a sphere
3. Neither
4. Both
5. Part of Marilyn Monroe
6. All of these
7. None of these



Question #2 This is

1. Peas porridge hot
2. Peas porridge cold
3. Peas porridge in the pot
4. Nine days old
5. An Atomic Bomb



Question #3 This is

1. A watch bird watching a grouch
2. A watchbird watching you
3. Were you a grouch this week?
4. Yes
5. No
6. Go to Hell



Question #4 This is

1. A Froodle
2. A Froodle and a Strum
3. Neither
4. Both
5. All three
6. Five no trump
7. Pass

Part II
"English Comprehension"

Read the following short essay and answer the subsequent questions.

"It was a dark and dreary night, and the rain beat down upon the campers, and someone said: 'Jeck, tell us a story' . . . and this is the story Jack told:

'It was a dark and dreary night, and the rain beat down upon the campers, and someone said: 'Josh, tell us a

a) What is the allegorical meaning of Jack's story? Its social significance? Its relation to our economic system?

b) How much rain fell? Where? (be specific)

Part III
"Math"

If 4 li'l old Grandmas can fly 6 li'l old Sabre-jets at 500 li'l old miles per hour, how fast can 9 li'l old Grandmas fly one li'l old Sabre-jet in 2 li'l old hours?

1. 600 li'l old miles per hour
2. 9200 li'l old miles per hour
3. Must be damn crowded in that cockpit
4. I am Love. I am Life. I am Sweetness and Light
5. Thank you first floor Thatcher for the Christmas card
6. Does Logan International Airport know about these 9 li'l old Grandmas?

Pledge:

I hereby pledge that I have received no outside help in this examination except that which was given in the true spirit of Air Force Brotherhood.

(Signed)

by Don Audette



"He flies"



But if there's no God, who
changes the water every day?

YA-HOO HORROSCOPE

For the benefit of the many Believers among us, Ya-Hoo, magazine of the people, has included a Horroscope including the latest Truths learned during a Staff Seance in the Student Union Cafeteria.

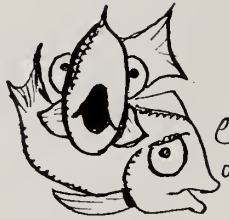
AQUARIUS, THE WATER-BEARER JAN 21-FEB 19

You are couageous, trustworthy, faithful, and loyal. Unfortunately you are just one of those individuals whom everyone detests on sight. You will soon join a Monastery in the Hima-layas where you will spend the rest of your life translating the Koran into Gaelic.



PISCES, THE FISHES FEB 20-MAR 20

You are disgruntled, because everything you do seems to turn out wrong. This condition will steadily get worse as you go through life. Eventually you will contract Halitosis and die in exile.



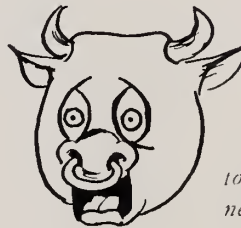
ARIES, THE RAM MAR 21-APR 19

You are unable to understand why your popularity has increased so within the last half year. Everyone you meet takes to you on sight and counts you among their dearest friends. Unknown to you, you have contracted radiation sickness and will be dead within a few weeks. Your friends have known for nearly six months.



TAURUS, THE BULL APR 20-MAY 20

There are some things that are just too horrible to repeat. You should never go outside.



GEMINI, THE TWINS MAY 21-JUNE 21

You love exotic food and drink. Nothing native can please you because you have developed a cosmopolitan attitude towards life. You will journey all over the world, and while in Italy you will be mistakenly identified as Benito Mussolini and strung up by the heels.



CANCER, THE CRAB

JUNE 22-JULY 21

You detest pseudo-intellectualism. Your college career has so embittered you against the modern world that you shall forsake all these 'Boursiouse Innovations' and revert to a state of Nature. You will spend your declining years walking along the center of streets ringing a bell and crying 'UNCLEAN'.



LEO, THE LION

JULY 22-AUG 21

You are indeed a fortunate individual. You possess charm and beauty in great measure, not to mention an astounding intelligence and an ability to mix with people. Next week you will be attacked by a hopped-up squirrel and clawed to death before help arrives.



VIRGO, THE VIRGIN

AUG 22-SEPT 22

You are not satisfied with anything the way it is. You are a born radical and occasionally you border on fanaticism. You will soon try to overthrow the government and set up an ideal state. You will lead an expedition against Washington and throw grenades at the Lincoln Monument. When you are caught they will hang you by your thumbs so that it will take longer.



LIBRA, THE SCALES

SEPT 23-OCT 20

You picture yourself as a capable, well-liked person. You are quite confident in everything that you do for you feel assured that people will support you. This is far from true. No one has a good word for you because you are a stumbling, bumbling, incompetent boob. There have already been two attempts on your life, and your parents are saving the egg money to hire a third assassin.



SCORPIO, THE SCORPIAN

OCT 21-NOV 20

You are a born leader. Your field of endeavor lies with the armed forces, for only there can you find the followers your ego demands. Unfortunately, they will only make you a squad leader and you will die of frustration trying to teach them battalion formations.



SAGITTARIUS, THE ARCHER
NOV 21- DEC 22

You are one of those individuals who have no talents whatsoever. You also find it hard to learn anything because of your inherent stupidity. Unless someone leaves you money you will die of shame gathering coke bottles for the two cent refunds.



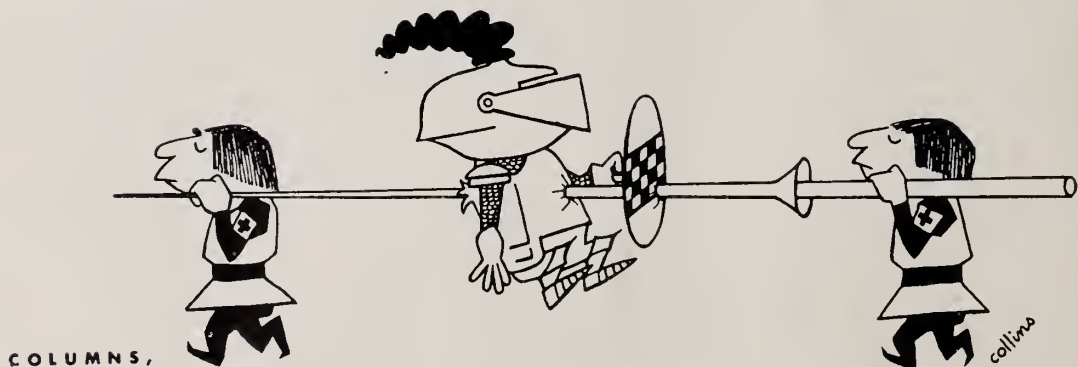
CAPRICORN, THE GOAT
DEC 23-JAN 20

No one ever agrees with what you say. They contradict and ridicule your every idea. Whenever you journey outside they point at you and make fun. Little children giggle and run away when you approach. Eventually you will find peace and security under a large rock and come out only at night to gather acorns and crabgrass.



Ed McManus

Mat Brown



CONVERSATION

In an effort to promote an intellectual spirit among its readers, Ya-Hoo presents the first in a series of interviews with noted men of letters. In this issue, we take you to Cuba for an interview with that noted writer, Irving Hemingway. (The author interviewed Irving Hemingway at one of his favorite hang-outs, The Fisherman's, Rum-Runner, Bar of Havana.

Author: Good morning, Irving, may I join you?

Mr. H.: Yes, and you may call me Senor Papa.

Auth: Thank you, Senor Papa. What shall we talk about?

Irving H.: Let us not talk about anything.

Auth: Very well, but may we think?

Irving H.: Yes, I am thinking about lions.

Auth: Yes, the lions. I shall think about them too.

Irving H.: You may think about the lions, but let's not talk about anything.

Auth: No, we shall not talk about anything. Would you like a drink?

Irving H.: Yes, we shall drink the wine that comes in the green bottles with straw covers that comes from the old town of Porquerolles and sells for 98 cents a gallon in the markets in the harvest season.

Auth: Is this truly the best wine?

Irving H.: You may call me Senor Papa.

Auth: But is this truly the best wine?

Irving H.: Don't bother me. I am thinking about the time we watched the great Romero at the bullfight in Seville and the bull was very strong and Romero was very strong, and he broke the sword the first time and the second time and then he killed the bull and bowed to the crowd and walked around the ring while the crowd cheered and threw chocolate-covered halivah and afterward Romero wept because he had been gored and caught the bull's horn right in the liver and it spoiled his digestion and he could never eat the halivah.

Auth: And was Romero truly the greatest But here is the waiter with the wine.

Irving Hemingway: Yes, and he will complain to me about his ulcer.

Auth: And he has truly suffered . . .

Irving Hemingway: Oh, he is just bitter. He is bitter because the Fascists burned down his house and beat up his wife and shaved his daughter's head and ran off his pigs and got his grandmother pregnant. But the ulcer, he only talks about it to get sympathy. But let us not talk about anything.

Auth: But you will tell me about the lions?

Irving Hemingway: No, I would rather just think about them.

Author: Then you will tell me about the great war?

Irving Hemingway: Yes, I will tell you about the great war when I drove the ambulance and we brought a load of wounded back from the great battle of the great war and there were many vehicles on the road and it was spring and the road was muddy and it was raining and one of the wounded had gangrene and when the bridge was washed out and we couldn't get across we just sat and thought of lions and watched the man with gangrene rot and then we fell asleep by the side of the road dreaming of the lions. Or I will tell you about the time I caught the great marlin and the sharks ate him before I could get to shore and nobody would believe that I caught him . . . all because of those goddam sharks.

Auth: But come, let us drink the wine that comes from the fine old town of Porquerolles where the peasants wear old athletic socks while crushing the grapes and where the athlete's food gives the wine its flavor.

Irving Hmingway: Yes, but let us not talk of anything.

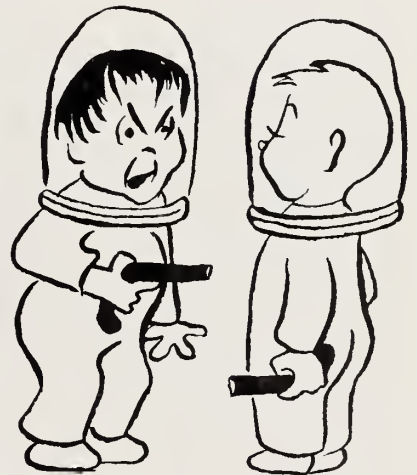
Auth: Now you will tell me about the lions.

Irving Hemingway: No I cannot tell you about the lions because I do not know anything about lions.

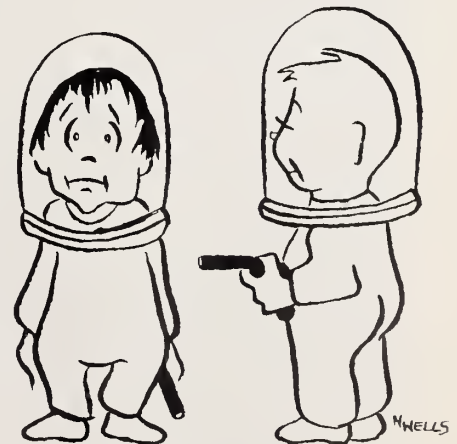
Auth: But why do you think about them?

Irving Hemingway: Because someday I will right a book about hunting the lions in Africa where the veldt is yellow with burned grass and the bearers will carry my guns and the sun will be hot and the game will be there so that I can write the book and make money so that I can afford something better than this goddam 98 cent wine that I have to drink.

Pete Stoler



Zap! — You're sterile!



Zip! — You're pregnant.





YA-HOO QUEEN

The *Ya-Hoo* Queen for May is Miss Jeannie Souther, an English Major from Hingham. Jeannie, a sophomore Chi Omega, confines most of her interest to the academic world, although she expresses great admiration for sports, especially field hockey at which this petite Queen excels. Jeannie is, in our estimation, the typification of the American Co-Ed. Small wonder then that colleges are bigger and better than ever.

Bob Haskins

EVERYONE'S SUBSCRIBING—WHY DON'T YOU?

Enclosed you will find 70 cents (\$.70) in check or money order for one year's (three issues) subscription to YA-HOO, the undergraduate humor magazine at the University of Massachusetts.

Please send my three issues to:

Name

Street

City State

Ya-Hoo Invites

For the benefit of all those confined to campus during Finals, *Ya-Hoo* takes great pleasure in presenting these complimentary tickets for all occasions. Just cut out and use.

| | | |
|--|-------------------------------------|--------------------------------|
| tree H college pond Univ. of Mass. | The JEAN PAUL MATHER Players | |
| | present | |
| | SPRING DAY | |
| | cast of thousands May 20, 1957 | • food, fun, beer Adm. free |

| | | |
|---|--|--------------|
| seat 4571 Student Union main ballroom | The Literary Society and The I.F.C. | |
| | present | |
| | A Reading of Fraternity Rituals | |
| | "An experience you will never forget" | |
| | public invited | |
| | Adm. \$4.50 | May 20, 1957 |

| | | |
|------------------------------|--|---|
| foxhole 3 Old Chapel Aud. | MS IV presents | |
| | "TO HELL WITH PEACE" | |
| | Armor vs. Air Force Cols. White and Tarr officiating | |
| | • Tanks • Bombs • Blood • Refreshments Monday, May 20, 1957 | Adm. free (Just sign a little paper) |

| | | |
|------------------------------------|--|--------------|
| bench D silver 7 rifle range | "RED" Blasco | |
| | (Chief of both campus police officers) | |
| | invites you to | |
| | BANG | |
| | (An execution of parking violators) | |
| | ADM. FREE | REFRESHMENTS |

| | | |
|-----------------------------|---|--|
| "any seat" 217 Greenough | RICHARD KEOGH | |
| | invites you to an exclusive showing of | |
| | "THE RICHARD KEOGH STORY" | |
| | starring RICHARD KEOGH in all 433 roles | |
| | ADM. FREE (plus \$1.00 to all who attend) | |
| | Monday, May 20, 1957 | |

Charlie Troy et al



For Those Who Know

House of Walsh

**S
C
A
L
P**

**S
H
O
P**



UNUSUAL SERVICE



**COLLEGE TOWN
SERVICE CENTER**



**Get YOURS At The
GIFT NOOK**

"KING LEAR RIDES AGAIN"

(In the early days of Shakespeare's famous 'Globe Theatre', it was the custom to portray a different play of the Bard's on each successive night of the season. The following is an unusual tape-recording made during the 16th Century by a contemporary Quarterly editor. The play that evening happened to be: 'King Lear'.)

(ACT I. 1) King Lear's Palace
Enter Kent, Gloucester, and Edmond.

Kent: In sooth, I know not why I am so sad: It wearies me; you say it wearies you; But how I...

Gloucester: (Aside) Shuttup you damn fool! We're not doing 'Merchant of Venice', we're doing 'King Lear'!

Kent: (Aside) You're quite sure of this?

Gloucester: (Aside; jumping up and down) OF COURSE I'M SURE! (To Edmond) Quick Edmond, give your line!

Edmond: Friends, Roman, countrymen, lend me your...

Gloucester: (Pointing) YOU ASS! YOU ASS! YOU STUPID, STUPID ASS!

Edmond: But I've always wanted to do 'Antony'.

Gloucester: But we're doing 'Lear', and you're 'Edmond'!

Edmond: Well, Mr. Marlowe told me...

Kent: You know he told us never to call him that!

Gloucester: (Aside) GET KING LEAR IN HERE!

Enter King Lear.

Lear: So foul and fair a day I have not seen.

Gloucester: GODDAMIT HE'S GOT HIS KINGS SCREWED UP!

Lear: Arn't we doing 'Macbeth'?

Kent: Don't ask me, I thought it was 'Merchant'.

Lear: I think we should do 'Macbeth'

Edmond: Yeah, that's just 'cause you always want to be a king!

Lear: The name 'Edmond' fits you well because that's precisely what you are: a sneaky little bast...

Gloucester: SHUTUP, SHUTUP, SHUTUP!

Kent: Look out for that beer bottle!

* THUMP *

Edmond: Mr. Gloucester? Mr. Gloucester? Are you all right?

Kent: We didn't throw the beer bottle Mr. Gloucester, the natives in the pit are getting restless.

Edmond: Mr. Gloucester, why are you drumming your fingers on the ground? Why are you smiling like that? Why don't you get up? Mr. Gloucester, be careful picking up that beer bottle, it's all jagged and... MR. GLOUCESTER!

Gloucester: (Mumbling) If it were done when 'tis done, then 'twere well it were done quickly...

Kent: We'll do 'King Lear' if you want Mr. Gloucester. You can even be 'Lear'. You can be 'Kent' too if you want. You can be anybody you... come back Edmond... come back Lear... Mr. Gloucester's walking towards me with a funny look in his... MR. GLOUCESTER!

Right here the Quarterly tape of Shakespeare ends, and the remaining footage is abstract poetry. We thank the Quarterly for their donation, and especially we thank their Editor: Tom Gloucester.

Ed McManus '59



LACY

Pervert's Page



"Mommy, why can't I take trombone lessons?"

"Shut up, hairlip."

"Daddy, can I go in for a swim?"

"Whoever heard of a floating iron lung?"

"Mother, I'm going to the movies."

"All right dear, but don't strain your eye."

"Mommy, can I go to the movies?"

"Shut up and study your Braille?"

A policeman stopped by a pool in the park. In front of the pool was a sign saying: "Positively No Swimming!"

A man was swimming about so the officer walked to the edge of the pool and shouted: "As soon as you come out of there you're under arrest!"

The man screamed with laughter: "I'm not coming out—I'm committing suicide!"

"Mrs. Smith, can Billy come out and play?"

"But I told you Billy has leprosy!"

"Well, can I come in and watch him rot away?"

"Mommy, can I watch television?"

"You know your father's coffin is in the way."

"Mrs. Jones, can Tommy come out and play ball?"

"But you know Tommy has no arms or legs!"

"That's all right, we just want to use him for first base."

Help Stamp Out Instructors!

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"For the love of God,
Montressor!"

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Well, if you don't want my soul,
what do you want?!



Eve, you've gone and put my dress
suit in the salad again!

Then there was the one about the
mad scientist who crossed a rabbit
with a snake and got an adder that
multiplies.

"Heard you were moving a piano
so I came over to help."

"Finished already."

"Alone?"

"Nope, hitched the cat to it and
dragged it upstairs."

"You mean the cat dragged that
heavy piano up two flights of stairs?
How could a cat carry that heavy pi-
ano?"

"Used a whip."

"I would like some rat poison please."

"Will you take it with you?"

"No, I will send the rats after it."



Friday Night is College Night

Anyone Who is Anyone Goes Wiggins



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Murray Golub

Civil Engineer on Conn. Turnpike



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